

WIVES' STRATEGY.

Many Who Enjoy Their Husband's Society of Evenings.

Their Less Fortunate Sisters Let Into the Secret.

Interesting Phases of Feminine Diplomacy.

Pens Stimulated by "The Evening World's" Golden Prize.

Conditions of the Contest.

A Gold Double Eagle, "Evening World" prize for the best recipe for keeping a husband at home.

Competition must address their recipe to "The Editor," giving their name and address, not for publication, where not desired. The recipe must not be more than 200 words long, and must be written on one side of the paper only.

Sympathy in Her Kix.

To the Editor:

How shall I keep him home at night? My husband, when the day is done, by giving him full sympathy.

My answer—thus the victory's won.

For if for him I've sympathy.

My friend's efforts he'll not cease.

To keep his love for home and me.

By making home a place of fear.

A peaceful and a pleasant place.

Made charming by a cheerful wife.

Where, when the day has run its race,

He'll gladly turn from labor's strife.

And pour into my willing ear.

The while he eats a daily meal.

His every hope and every fear.

His struggles for our common weal.

Full certain that he has in me.

Through every changeable phase of life.

One who will give him sympathy.

His loving, trusting, faithful wife. F. C.

A Bright, Pleasant, Happy Home.

To the Editor:

To me the whole secret is embodied in this one brief sentence: "Make home bright, pleasant and happy."

The cheerful fireside, the gentle, loving, devoted wife, the happy prattle of the little ones—these are the attractions that true husband would leave the sunny picture to spend his evenings in selfish pleasures?

From one who has had experience. S. V. B.

Can Keep Him a Lifetime.

To the Editor:

Having selected a husband the very choicest and best, as you thought, you can preserve him in the following manner:

To women, take of cheerfulness as large a quantity as you please. Keep the domestic duties boiling with the fuel of love. Do not show the signs of selfishness and ill-temper to rise on the surface.

And since which must be pure of sympathy, kindness, faith and trust. Place in the jar of happiness, and keep in the closet of the heart—serve in the beautiful dish of contentment.

A husband treated in this way will keep any number of years; in fact, the older he gets the better he will be.

Invite all your friends to come and enjoy with you the bright sunshine of a happy home, from which no good husband will ever stray.

CLAUDINE.

Make Him Take the Pledge.

To the Editor:

Have him take the pledge for ten years; keep him back in the country, five miles from the nearest village; have all your friends and his

come in in the evenings; make merry until 10 o'clock; then retire with thanks and prayers to God for his goodness. Mrs. L. J. C.

Cords that Surely Bind.

To the Editor:

Love, confidence and contentment are the safeguards which bind my husband to his home.

The Common-Sense Treatment.

To the Editor:

When your husband comes home evenings have your apartments bright and cheerful, yourself and children neatly attired.

Have for supper something you know he likes.

Take an interest in any topic that interests him.

Should you be out of sorts, avoid, if possible, showing any symptoms of it.

Humor his whims, be patient with his faults and don't allow yourself to become a grumbler, especially when he is at home.

Study his likes and dislikes and act accordingly.

Common sense, coupled with patience, and an honest endeavor to make yourself and home the chief attractions of his life, will assuredly meet the success it merits. R. W.

Unwilling that He Should Bear Arms.

To the Editor:

Nothing but the total annihilation of the Seventh Regiment will ever accomplish the desired end—i.e., keeping a husband at home evenings.

Of this I am firmly convinced, and have been for some time.

My husband never leaves me alone evenings except to go to that abominable armory. He toils at it by only last to drill once a week, and of course I smiled amicably and said I wouldn't mind that, but when it comes to "drill"ing me in the evening, for, two or three times a week, besides an occasional day at Greenleaf-street, I think it past all power of endurance.

No, I dare say, I'm not a thoroughly patriotic. I don't care a bit for all the regiments in the world, but I care for my husband, and want to be with him. Therefore I advise the total annihilation of the Seventh, or at least make them give up all the married men, and content themselves with the youths and striplings of the country, who, do doubt, are willing to be made martyrs for the sake of appearances.

I think if this were accomplished we would have no more cause to complain of our husbands leaving us alone in the evening, for, with the beguiling armory out of the way, the little remedy, which we all know how to use—two grains of common sense and one ounce of prevention—would prove amply sufficient.

EXETER.

Never Tries to Keep Him In.

To the Editor:

I have read with a great deal of interest and much amusement the different opinions of the many ladies upon "How to Keep Husbands at Home Evenings." I expect I shall shock some of these good people when I say I don't try to keep my husband at home. But I don't. If he says he is going out I say, "All right, dear," and let him go.

He is a knight Templar and goes to the Commandery often. If he stays at home we read some good book, or talk, or entertain our friends. Then again we go to the theatre. We both enjoy a good play. As to the "good dinner," every good housekeeper prides herself upon her dinner. M. E. E.

She Did Not Marry a Mule.

To the Editor:

I would only be too glad to have my husband go out once in a while, but he insists on staying home. My husband is not a mule. I do not have to reach his affections through his stomach, or the him with kisses or warm him by a red-hot stove. When he comes home he finds a true, conscientious wife, devoid of the artificial nonsense that tends to make so many women ridiculous in the eyes of the world, and if a true, sensible wife is not enough to keep a husband at home, then I say let him go. R. C. W.

Watch His Afternoons, Too.

To the Editor:

In my estimation the most effective recipe is "affection and compatibility." If these do not exist to the "smiles, cleanliness," etc., which I take to be the natural results, will have no influence.

Should I be mistaken in my argument, then his love of "variety" is too great to control.

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and his only after entire satisfaction that you can anticipate the pleasure of his "lordship's" society. A few of his hours during an afternoon might prove questionable, more so than his evenings, even though his nights be spent to the entire satisfaction of his spouse.

EXPERIENCE.

The Happy Wife's Duty.

To the Editor:

Oh, woman! if you wish to spend your days in useless bliss, and make your husband a slave of such a world as this,

Just banish such a constant thought, "Hugger your husband's ears."

And kindly greet him when he comes, And his affection share.

And with affection's holy kiss, "A lovely, cheerful home."

A peaceful night, a dry dress, With no desire to roam,

You'll soften down the hardest heart That a locked-in husband's breast.

And make an Eden here below, A beam of heavenly bliss. S. H.

Know Each Other Thoroughly.

To the Editor:

It probably does not occur to the minds of some married people that their courtship is not ended because they are married. The same loom which wove them to be one flesh and one spirit in the beginning must continue to the end.

The modern operandi must of necessity ever be various—various as the human race is dissimilar, physically and mentally. But of this one thing we may be certain: Every woman knows by what means she was won, and the husband also knows the actions preponderating in the woman which made him become her husband.

The attractive qualities of each being therefore known to each, husband and wife have only to practise the programme which so profitably ushered in the beautiful dawn of their early love with reverence and fidelity to the end.

Love upon this basis, true forever shall entwine, And bind the husband to his home, his sweetest earthly shrine. ALEXANDER TAYLOR.

She Knows Dogs, Mules and Husbands.

To the Editor:

I have enjoyed a prolonged experience with dogs, mules and husbands, consequently feel assured that my distressed sisters will appreciate the similarity between the trio.

Dogs are of varied temperament; so are mules and husbands. Nature endows these animals with dissimilar instincts. A man who wears a small assortment of whiskers to keep his ear company is one specialty; one who parts his hair in the middle is apt to be a different novelty. If he be an English lord visiting America, he is apt to be a rarity; but he is plain and unassuming, he is apt to be a luxury and easily kept at home.

EXPERIENCE.

A Home Close to Heaven.

To the Editor:

I know a home where the sweet-faced wife and mother is never left by husband or sons without sincere regret. Wherever they go they want her too—church or theatre, lecture or football game.

Sweet-tempered, refined, intelligent, truthful and, above all, a good listener; she never nags, never, even jestingly, speaks unkindly to them, never constrains them to stay at home; yet each one knows that he would be sorely missed; neat, but not fussy, she never frets, and never ostentatiously "links up" after him.

After dinner she takes her mending and, with her three sons about her, coaxes her husband to read aloud—Dickens, it may be, or Kipling, or even the last good novel. Before bedtime she proposes cards or billiards, not for money, and though she is no adept at either they all encourage her with love-like earnestness.

One son is fond of music, and many an hour is spent playing duets with his mother instead of at the club.

She does all she can to make home the sweetest place on earth to them. She is queen and sweetest both to husband and sons, and has been "happy, though married," for thirty years. H. V.

A Diagnosis that Fits Many.

To the Editor:

It—A case of champagne, one box of good cigars, a few quarts of beer, one pack of cards, two or three centimen friends.

If this receipt will not work the case is hopeless. Dr. WIFE.

Two Strings to His Bow.

To the Editor:

"No, William," she said, coldly, with a side-long glance to note the effect of her words, "I cannot be your wife. You smoke and you sometimes drink. I have registered a vow not to marry a man who had either of these vices."

"All right, Maria," was the humble reply.

SALESMAN—Can it be possible? Miss Coupon, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at Bar Harbor last summer? How long—

Miss Coupon—Three yards, please.

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